Pharmaceutical Leash

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Pharmaceutical Leash

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Summary

Scientist/Stim-blissed

Your handler ensures that you get your latest fix, after you've earned it of course

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It’s leaking out of you.

You can feel it, a physical draining, like precious warmth siphoning out from the ports along your spine. The world, which had been a symphony of soft edges, vibrant tracers, and euphoric certainty only hours ago, is snapping back into its normal, unbearable resolution.

The metal walls of your bunk alcove are just... grey. The air isn't humming with life; it just smells stale, thick with the recycled breath of the barracks.

A tremor starts in your left hand.

No. Not yet.

You clench your fist, digging blunt, unkempt nails into your palm. The little crescent moons of pain are sharp, too sharp. The new stimulant your Handler gave you was supposed to dull that. It was supposed to keep everything smooth.

But the auto-injector module on your hip is concerning light. The last syringe, its plunger fully depressed, lies on the thin mattress beside you. You’d already checked the other vials. And the spares. And the "emergency only" kit hidden in the sole of your boot.

Empty. Empty. Empty.

The panic is a cold, familiar fluid rising in your throat. Without the

chemicals, the real feelings come back. The bone-deep exhaustion. The memory-static of the last sortie. The screaming and the noises and... The itch of the neural link, which never, ever feels clean when you're sober.

You need more. You need to find her. Now.

Getting to your feet is a chore. Your body is a clumsy, heavy sack of meat that won't obey. The Foundation-issued suit rubs against your skin, a constant, abrasive irritation. You stumble out of the alcove, ignoring the incurious stare of another pilot further down the block. Let it look. It doesn't matter.

The walk to the command spire is a study in forced control.

Right.

Left.

Right.

Left.

Don't look at the harsh, fluorescent lights overhead; they're strobing just enough to make your eyes burn. Don't listen to the echoing announcements over the PA; they're pitched to slice right through your skull.

Focus on what you need. You need your handler.

Her office is, as always, clinically silent. The plaque on the door simply reads: "WORK. DO NOT DISTURB."

You raise a trembling hand. The vibration in your knuckles is so bad you're afraid the sound will be wrong, too weak. You knock. The way you were taught.

A moment of agonizing silence. Then, a voice on the other end.

"Enter."

Her voice is filtered through the door speaker, crisp and devoid of emotion, but it floods your system with a preliminary jolt of relief. You push the heavy door open and step inside.

The air in her office is always different. It’s scrubbed clean, chilled to a perfect, unwavering temperature, and smells of sterile solvents, and something else... something faintly sweet and floral.

You inhale deeply, and the tremor in your hands lessens, just a fraction.

She's there, sitting behind her massive desk, not looking at you. Her attention is on a holographic display, a swirling, complex molecule of blue light rotating above her hand. Her white lab coat is immaculate.

She doesn't look like a Handler; she looks like what she is. A scientist.

"Report," she says, still studying the hologram.

You swallow. The sound is loud in the quiet room.

"Handler... it..."

She sighs, a tiny, impatient puff of air, and finally dismisses the hologram with a flick of her fingers. She turns her full attention to you. A small, almost-imperceptible smile touches the corners of her mouth.

"Ah. It's my Ace." Her eyes, sharp and intelligent, scan you from head to toe. They don't linger on your face; they linger on your hands, your posture, the faint sheen of cold sweat on your brow. "You're back early. I assume the new stimulant was a success?"

She leans forward, propping her chin on one hand. "Tell me. How did it feel? The uptake should have been significantly smoother than the old one. Did you notice the diminished auditory distortion? The heightened emotional response to... successful outcomes?"

She's happy to see you. Happy to see her data.

You can't meet her eyes. You stare at a point on her desk, at a small, silver tray holding several menacing-looking medical tools. The shame is hot, but the need is hotter.

You hesitate, your whole body locked in a paralysis of obedience and desperation.

"Handler... I... It was... it was good. It was..." Perfect. "It worked."

"I know it worked, Ace," she says, her voice laced with that same amusement. "There wasn't a doubt in my mind. I'm asking for the subjective analysis. What do you need?"

That's the opening. You fumble at your hip, unlatching the auto-injector module. You pull out the empty vials, the used syringes, and place them, one by one, on the polished white surface of her desk. The tiny clink of glass on metal sounds like a gunshot.

You hold out the empty injector for her to see.

"It's... it's all out, Handler."

The Handler's smile doesn't falter. The slight pleasure fades however, replaced by a bright, sudden spark of intrigue. She leans in closer, her eyes fixed on the pathetic pile of empty medical waste.

"All of it?" she murmurs, more to herself than to you. She picks up one of the empty vials, holding it up to the light as if to confirm it's truly gone. "Fascinating. The projected metabolic burn-rate was calculated for a minimum of seven standard days, with contingency for one high-stress combat deployment."

She taps a few commands into her desk terminal. A new set of data flashes in the air beside her.

"It has been," she continues, her voice light and playful, "thirty-eight hours."

She finally looks up, her gaze pinning you to the spot. That playful, proprietary smirk is back, and it makes your stomach clench with a mix of fear and desperate anticipation.

"Tsk, tsk," she chides, as if scolding a favored pet for tracking mud on the floor. "I thought I said that was supposed to last you the week."

She stands, her movements fluid, and rounds the desk to stand in front of you. You instinctively flinch back, but hold your ground.

"I expected a little better of my Ace," she says, her voice a soft, mocking purr. She's so close now you can smell the antiseptic soap on her skin. "Burning through my newest creation like it's cheap barracks stims. What am I going to do with you? You're becoming a very expensive habit, you know."

You can't stop the full-body tremor now. Your teeth are chattering. "I'm... I'm sorry, Handler. It just... it helped. It made the... the noise stop. I... I needed it to stop."

"Oh, I know," she whispers, her eyes glittering. "I know you did. And you performed beautifully." She raises a hand, not to strike, but to gently, almost tenderly, trace the line of your jaw with one cool finger. "But this... this rapid consumption... this is an extraordinary development."

She steps back, her expression all business again, though the thrilled energy is still rolling off her. "This means your neural affinity for the compound is far higher than projected. The dependency is setting in even faster than I wanted it to."

She turns to the gleaming white medical cabinet behind her desk. "This just means we'll have to adjust the dosage. And perhaps... the delivery system."

She types a code, and a drawer slides open with a silent, hydraulic hiss.

"We can't have my favorite tool going into withdrawal, can we?" she asks, not looking back. "But we also can't have it being so... wasteful. Open your mouth. We're going to try a more direct route."

You don't even think.

It's a trigger, a hard-wired synapse that bypasses thought. Your mouth falls open on a desperate, shuddering intake of air.

And your legs... your legs just give.

The shaking, the need, the bone-deep, conditioned awe of her presence—it all combines, and you're sinking. You don't consciously decide to kneel. You simply do, a puppet whose strings were just snipped. Your knees hit the floor with a muffled thud. It’s a posture of pure supplication, bringing your head level with her waist, closer to the gleaming white cabinet, closer to the source.

You risk a glance up through your matted hair.

A small, satisfied sound, almost a purr, vibrates in her chest. She sees. She sees you on the floor, mouth open and waiting, without her even having to speak the command.

"Oh... look at you," she whispers, her voice a silken thread of amusement. "So obedient. So eager."

She turns back to the open drawer. Her hand emerges, not with a syringe, but with a small, amber-colored pharmaceutical bottle. She taps it twice, shaking a single, tiny, chalky-white pill into her palm.

She doesn't make you stand. She doesn't even make you crawl. She does you the courtesy of crouching down, just slightly, bringing her face closer to yours. She is still above you—always, always above you—but now she can watch your eyes.

She holds the pill between her thumb and forefinger, dangling it right above your open mouth. Just. Out. Of. Reach.

"Is this what it wants?" she murmurs, her sharp eyes scanning your trembling lips, the desperation in your gaze. "A new treat? Something to stop the shakes?"

You can't form a word. A pathetic, animal whine escapes the back of your throat. You instinctively lean forward, your entire being focused on that tiny white speck, trying to close the distance.

She pulls her hand back an inch, and your heart plummets.

"Ah-ah-ah," she chides, as if scolding a greedy puppy. "Patience, Ace. We don't just take." Her gaze hardens, just a fraction. "You know the rules. Use your words."

The tremor is a full-body convulsion now. Tears of sheer, humiliating need well up, blurring the image of her perfect, impassive face. The shame is a hot, acidic bile in your throat, but the craving burns it away.

"Please..." you choke out, the word tearing from your dry throat. "Handler... please. I... I need it. Please..."

"You need it," she repeats, and you can hear the smile in her voice. She savors the word, filing it away with whatever else she likes. "Good. Honesty is paramount in our relationship, isn't it?"

Her free hand moves, and you flinch, but it doesn't strike. It lands on the top of your head, her fingers tangling in your hair. It is not a caress. It is a grip.

"But you're still too upright," she murmurs, her voice playful. "All that pride. An Ace shouldn't have pride. It should only have obedience."

She presses down.

The pressure is firm and it forces your head and shoulders lower. You obey, folding in on yourself, until your forehead is nearly brushing the cold floor. You are fully, abjectly, on your knees. A dog. Her dog.

"Now," she orders. "Look up at me. Keep that mouth open."

You tilt your head all the way back, an awkward, painful angle that exposes the entire length of your throat. Your mouth is wide open, waiting. A thin, humiliating string of saliva breaks from the corner of your lip and drips onto your clothes.

Her smile is radiant. It's the look she gets when a complex equation solves itself, when a test result confirms a bold hypothesis.

"Perfect," she breathes. "Such perfect compliance." She lowers her other hand again, the one with the pill. "Now... tongue."

You stick your tongue out, trembling.

Delicately, as if placing a drop into a beaker, she sets the tiny, bitter pill right on the center of it.

"Hold," she commands, her voice suddenly sharp as steel.

You freeze.

Your entire body screams, swallow, swallow, swallow. The pill is dissolving, flooding your mouth with a vile, acrid chemical taste. It's torture. Your eyes are squeezed shut against the urge, against the taste, against the waiting.

"Look at me, Ace."

You force your eyes open. She is watching you, her head tilted, a look of profound, focused satisfaction on her face. She is memorizing this.

An eternity passes. Five seconds. Ten. Your jaw is aching.

"Good... good," she whispers. "Now. Swallow."

You gulp, a desperate, choking sound in the silence of the office. The pill scrapes down your raw, dry throat.

For a second, nothing.

Then, a new fire ignites. It's not the warm, euphoric bliss of the previous stimulant. It's a hard, cold, metallic clarity. The violent tremors in your hands don't fade; they stop. Instantly. The painful strobing of the overhead lights snaps into a steady, boring glow. The panic recedes, not replaced by joy, but by a hollow, ringing focus.

The craving is still there. It’s definitely still there. But it's... cleaner. Sharper. Less desperate, more defined.

You're still kneeling, panting softly on her floor, the bitter residue coating your tongue.

"That," she says, standing up and brushing her palms together as if dusting them off, "is a primer. A synaptic stabilizer. It will stop the... unproductive... side effects of your little binge. It heightens the receptor-affinity."

She turns, her white coat flaring, and walks back to the cabinet again.

"It ensures," she continues, her back to you as she retrieves a fresh, gleaming syringe and a much larger vial of iridescent fluid, "that you feel the real dose much better."

The Handler turns to watch you, her head tilted, that same terrifyingly satisfied, scientific curiosity in her eyes. She holds the new, larger syringe up to the light.

"Better," she says, her voice a clinical caress. "You're a clean slate, Ace."

She doesn't move from her spot by the cabinet. She taps the syringe, ejecting a tiny, perfect bead of the fluid from the needle's tip.

"But this..." she says, her voice dropping, "this isn't a handout. You're an animal on the floor. You come to me like one."

She doesn't raise her voice. She doesn't have to.

Your body moves before your mind can even process the humiliation. Your hands, no longer shaking, drop to the floor. Your knees follow. On all fours, you begin to crawl.

The scrape of the rough fabric against your knees is awful. You keep your head down, eyes fixed on the target: her dark, immaculate, black-heeled boots. It’s less than a few yards, but it feels like a mile. But she’s your handler. You, her Ace.

You stop when your face is inches from her boots, not daring to touch, and simply wait. You can smell the faint, sharp scent of leather polish.

"Mmm. Good," she hums. She crouches, just slightly, bringing her face and the syringe down to your level. "You want it, don't you, pet? You want to feel the bliss?"

A choked sound, half-whine, half-"yes," escapes you. You press your forehead against the side of her calf, a desperate, nuzzling gesture.

"Of course you do," she laughs, a low, breathy sound. "But you have to earn it. Show me." She holds her free hand out, palm down. "Paw."

Your mind blanks. Paw?

"Your hand, you stupid thing," she says, her voice sharp, and you flinch. "Give me your paw."

You lift your right hand, trembling again, but from anticipation this time. You don't know what to do. You place it, palm-up, on her waiting hand. She doesn't grasp it. She just looks at your dirty, nail-bitten hand resting in her clean, pale one, and she smiles.

"Good," she whispers. "Such a fast learner." She pulls her hand away, and you're forced to drop yours back to the floor. "Now..."

Her tone becomes even more playful. "Show me your belly. Roll over."

This... this is new. This is a level of degradation you haven't... but the syringe. The swirling, promising light in that glass tube. She's holding it just out of reach, and the need for it overrides everything. Everything.

Awkwardly, clumsily, you shift your weight. You roll onto your side, your hip bumping the floor, and then, with a pathetic, defeated groan, onto your back. Your suit twist. You are flat on your back on your Handler's office floor, arms splayed, legs slightly parted. Utterly, completely vulnerable.

A low, genuine laugh escapes her. "Pfff… you really will do anything huh, Ace? Need your fix that bad?"

She gives you a moment to stew in that total, bottom-feeding humiliation. Then, her boot taps your ribs. "That's enough. Back on your knees. Present yourself."

You scramble, tripping over your own limbs, to get back into a proper kneeling position before her. Head bowed. Hands on your thighs.

Waiting.

"Good," she says. She steps in close, right between your knees. "Now, this is a brand new formulation. I synthesized it just for your own unique level of stimulant addiction. It's going to be intense, even for you."

You don't care. You'd take reactor fluid if she gave it to you. You tilt your head back, offering your neck, your arm, anything.

"Hold. Still."

She doesn't go for your arm. She pushes the collar of your suit aside, her fingers brushing your skin, exposing the long, smooth column of your throat. You feel the sharp, cold prick of the antiseptic wipe. And then, the puncture.

The plunger sinks.

The stimulant hits your bloodstream like a bolt of pure, white-hot lightning.

There is no "world" anymore.

There is no "Handler," no "office," no "floor." There is only a sound, a rising, cosmic chord that vibrates behind your eyes and in your teeth. Every nerve ending in your body ignites at once, not with pain, but with an impossible, overwhelming, incandescent pleasure. It's too much. It's a supernova of pure, uncut bliss.

A choked, strangled gasp tears from your throat. Your body goes utterly boneless. You're falling, but you don't care. You're just... dissolving.

Before your head can hit the floor, her hand is there.

Her strong, cool hand catches you, her palm cupping the underside of your jaw, fingers digging in just enough to hold you upright. You are kneeling, but you are a ragdoll, held up only by her grip.

"There..." her voice sounds so far away, echoing from the center of the beautiful, ringing light. "There you are. What do you see, hm?"

You can't see. Your eyes are open, but they're not focusing. They're heavy, so heavy, the lids fluttering. A thick, clear line of drool escapes the corner of your slack, numb mouth, dripping onto her hand. You are so blissed out you're listing sideways.

She uses her grip to tilt your head up, forcing you to look at her. All you can see is the vague, dark shape of her hair, the pale shape of her face, swimming in a sea of euphoric static.

"Look at you," she praises, her voice a low, satisfied purr. "Drooling already. So receptive."

Her thumb presses against your lips. They part without resistance. She hooks it into the corner of your mouth, pulling your cheek, sliding the pad of her thumb inside to rest against your teeth.

You hardly react. Your entire universe has been reduced to the overwhelming goodness in your veins.

Your tongue, heavy and numb, makes a weak, instinctive lapping motion against her skin. A faint, blissed-out sucking reflex. It's all you're capable of.

"Mmm. Such a good dog," she whispers, her eyes glittering as she watches you. "Taking your medicine so well."

She keeps your head tilted up with one hand, her thumb still hooked in your slack mouth. You are lost, a sea of pleasure, anchored only by her touch.

Then, her boot moves.

You're kneeling, legs parted slightly from your scramble. The sharp, polished toe of her boot finds the space between them. It presses, firmly, right into the soft, sensitive fabric of your pants, nestling against your crotch.

A sudden, electric jolt cuts through the hazy bliss.

It's not pain. It's a new, sharp, focused pleasure, a spike of lightning in the warm, foggy sea. A high-pitched whimper breaks from your throat, muffled around her thumb.

"Oh?" she murmurs, her eyes widening with fresh, scientific interest. "Does it feel that good?"

She grinds her boot.

Just a little. A small, rotational pressure, her heel digging into the floor, the toe digging into you.

The world explodes.

The whimper becomes a full, choked, desperate moan. The combination of the stimulant singing in your veins and that sharp, localized friction is unbearable. Your hips twitch, a single, spastic jolt, instinctively trying to press into the boot.

It's too good.

It's too much.

You need more.

End Notes

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

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